

B A B A

i n

DERT

.....

endemične pesmi
endemic songs

Karmina Šilec
Tellu Turkka

21_20

cd_1/2 d_1/2 bk_1/3
audk_1/11 d_2/2 cd_2/2



B A B A

in

D E R T
endemične pesmi
endemic songs

Karmina Šilec



JETIM *varuh praznine jezer / guardian of the lakes' emptiness :*

daljne pesmi

cd_2/2_No._09 krivda

songs from afar cd_1/2_No._01

to blame

FLORA *anonimna popotnica nazaj / anonymous reverse traveler:*

stekleni obrazi

cd_2/2_No._15 trening

cd_2/2_No._14 cona

glass masks cd_1/2_No._02

trainer

zone

SUNI *izginjajoča forenzična plesalka / vanishing forensic dancer:*

starodavna besedišča

cd_2/2_No._11 v gosteh

cd_2/2_No._12 novo domovanje

cd_2/2_No._13 nevesta

ancient vocabularies cd_1/2_No._03

a guest

new home

the bride

DUNČICA *sarkastična kadilka brez bazena / sarcastic smoker without a pool:*

kradljivka očetovega življenja

cd_2/2_No._07 ovoj

cd_2/2_No._08 jabolčna mora

cd_2/2_No._10 preventive

stealing the life of father cd_1/2_No._04

skin

apple nightmare

prevention

LINDITA *rapsodični narcis / rhapsodic narcissist:*

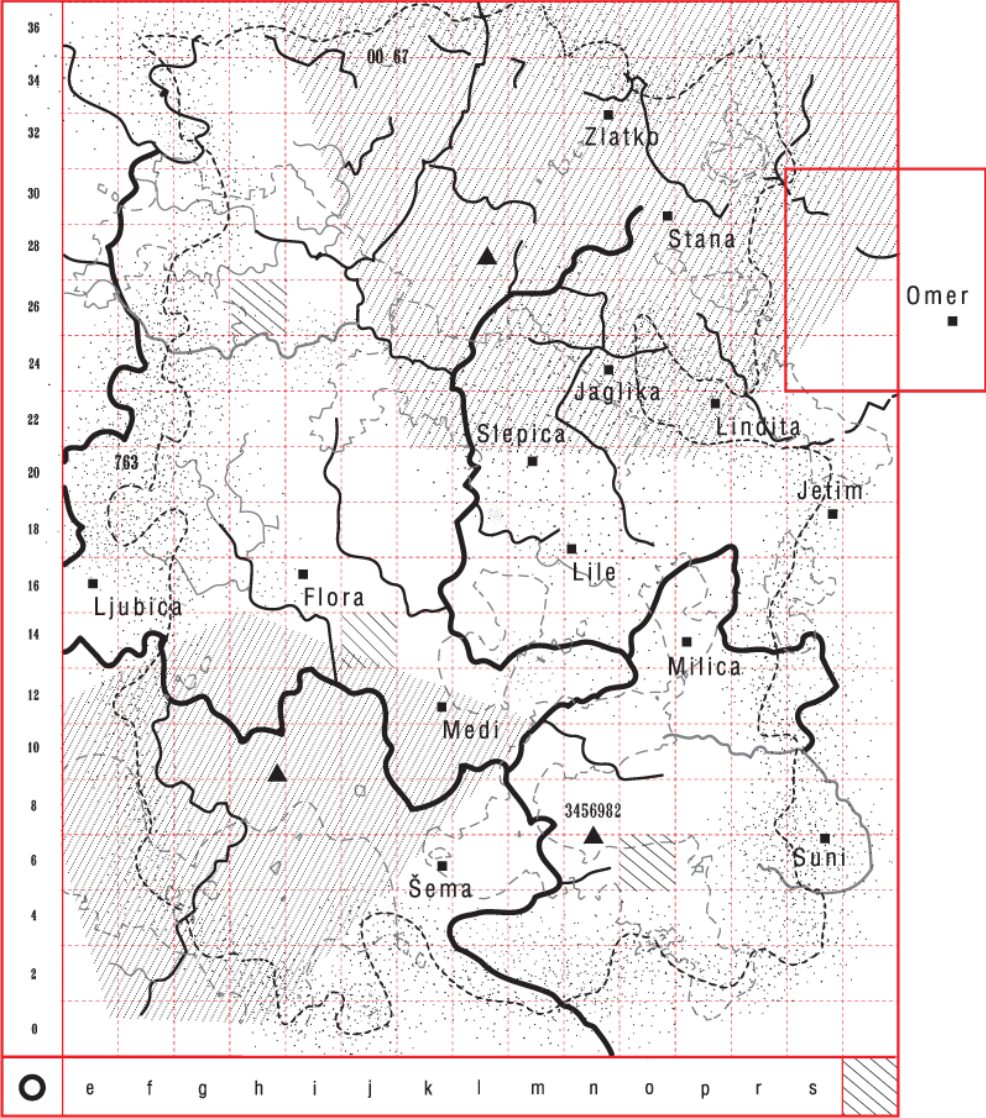
poetične galaksije

cd_2/2_No._17 pod limonovcem

cd_2/2_No._02 junakinja

poetic galaxies cd_1/2_No._05

under a lemon tree
hero



SLEPICA *pozorna poslušalka sveta / attentive listener to the world:*

ugodja dotikov

cd_2/2_No._21 pevka

cd_2/2_No._18 kar sem slišala

pleasures of touch cd_1/2_No._06

singer

what I heard of

STANA *prelivalec čustvenih barv / pourer of emotional colors*

poslednji obred

cd_2/2_No._16 nočna

cd_2/2_No._03 dert

cd_2/2_No._22 srečna

last rite cd_1/2_No._07

at night

dert

happy

LILJANA *gostiteljica notranjih obiskovalcev / host to internal vistors:*

predramljena

cd_2/2_No._20 bard

up again cd_1/2_No._08

bard

ZLATKO *sobotorojenec, eden izmed njih / Saturday-born, one of them:*

zarotitve

cd_2/2_No._06 pokopališča besed

cd_2/2_No._04 zaščitnica

incantations cd_1/2_No._09

graveyards of words

guardian

MEDI *nedolžen nemi ovčar / innocent silent shepherd:*

nebesa

cd_2/2_No._05 čarovnije

heaven cd_1/2_No._10

magic

ŠEMA *letopiska ozdravljenega srca / yearbook writer of a cured heart:*

kofèta

cd_2/2_No._19 muezin

cd_2/2_No._01 ednina

coffee cd_1/2_No._11

muezzin

alone

BABA

in

DERT

endemične pesmi

Karina Šilec

Slepica, Medi in drugi liki bi lahko bili stari več kot sto let, dolgo so bili v globokem spanju, zdaj pa so prebujeni. Priklicani so iz preteklosti in od daleč. V nas strmijo s svojimi predirljivimi očmi, kot bi bili pol živi in pol mrtvi. Njihove zgodbe so odmev zavijajočega obžalovanja, da so heroine čakale leta, desetletja, celo stoletja v nepremagljivem obupu prisilne nemosti. Njihov tempo je drugačen, čas teče s čudno hitrostjo: več deset let za rojstvo sina, nekaj dni za usodni strel, en dan za zmago v največji vojni, samo trenutek za poroko, ples ali pogreb. Iz pripovedi kaplja mleko starodavnih melodij in epov kot največji čudež, kot zdravilni preliv za ženske, katerih povezane prsi in usta so izsušena od utrujenosti.

Življenjske habitate in habituse si z junakinjami DERTa delimo v raztegnjenem času skozi izkušnjo, da se po nekaterih robovih stikamo in prekrivamo in tako ustvarjamo skrivno zavezo pripadanja – istim koordinatam, včasih tudi istim kodom. Pripadamo temu, kar razumemo, tako prisotni kot odsotni. So naše vzvratno zrcalo – zdi se, da je vse hkrati blizu tukaj in daleč zadaj. Resnično in neresnično obenem.

DERT je platno, na katerega se projicirajo vsebine zavesti naše družbe, njeni strahovi, prepričanja, dvomi, stanja, vprašanja, problemi, užitki, zgodovina in sedanjost, vedenja in neumnosti, želje. DERT spomni tudi na smrtoholično družbeno ozkogledost, ki obsoja vsak korak in vsako dejanje; junakinjam je odpela poslednjo hvalnico z besediščem, okitenim s krasnimi pojmi kot so *tradicija, družina, junaštvo* ..., za njimi pa skrila primitivizem, mitomanijo, mizoginost ter perversnosti in laži.

Spomni nas, kdo je ustvaril in pokopal junakinje – zaprisežene device, virdžine – Liljano, Suni, Lindito.

daljne pesmi

~~~~~

cd\_1/2

\_No.01\_

\*\*\*\*\*

poetični čas teče kot želi  
v ledu vse obstoji

zgodbe so zamrznjene kot telesa v kriogenih shrambah  
čakajo, da se stalijo, ko bo prišel čas

liki se topijo  
zazidana bitja

ukleščeni starodavni napevi prihajajo k počitku  
plazijo se, bridko stokajo, zvijajo kot kače

odmevi obžalujočega tuljenja  
leta, desetletja, stoletja čakajo v neutolažljivem obupu

100 let, da se bo otrok rodil  
en (sam) dan za začetek bitke in dobljeno vojno

belo mleko starodavnih napevov  
najveličastnejši čudež

njihove dojke in usta so suha

(katera dejanja bodo ubesedena?)  
besnenje in razgrajanje, jok in smeh, uspavanje in objokovanje?

poetični čas teče kot želi

# stekleni obrazi

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cd_1/2

No.02

ob mraku si odstriže pramene las.

pozimi

zavija jih v kos blaga.

pozimi

z vsakim rezom odšteje en dan.

pozimi

na ogledalo riše obraz.

spomladi

okrog obraza lepi pramene.

spomladi

češe si lase.

spomladi

vsako jutro vadi nove poteze obraza.

čez poletje

dekle na ogledalu je njeno občinstvo.

čez poletje

igra vloge drugih.

čez poletje

ima ogromno zbirko las.

na jesen

lase dekleta lepi na vaze in steklenice.

na jesen

naveliča se podobe dekleta na ogledalu.

na jesen

njena soba je polna zelenih in rjavih obrazov.

pozimi

njena soba je polna steklenih obrazov s starimi lasuljami.

pozimi

spomladi. poleti. jeseni, pozimi, spomladi, poleti, jeseni, ...

starodavna besedišča

cd_1/2

No.03

starodavna besedišča so ponovno zaživela
v rimah in ritmih
v plesih in pesmih

izumila je jezik
v rimah in ritmih
se naučila govoriti

spremenila je pomen
rim in ritmov
in plesov in pesmi

prisvojila si je božanskost
v rimah in ritmih
– tako kot moški

govori jezik moških
molči v jeziku žensk

včasih govori kot ženska
včasih namesto (utišanih) žensk

včasih za ženske
včasih v imenu žensk

ni le, da si ženska, če se pogovarjaš kot ženska

če govoriš kot ženska, še nisi ženska

vstop v jezik žensk

– je kot ritual, nekaj mističnega –

vrne se v zibko, v zibko človeštva

išče boginje, ženske podobe, da bi se znova povezala

z bremenom mater

saj v kotu je prostor za samo eno ikono

kadar je preveč žalostna

in ne more vstopiti v jezik žensk

takrat ustvari

rime in ritme

plese in pesmi

kako prijetno vzdušje

kako zadušljivo vzdušje

kradljivka očetovega življenja

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cd\_1/2

\_No.04\_

\*\*\*\*\*

naučila sem se biti oče

vsak večer, kot v gledališču,  
pred ogledalom igram njegovo vlogo  
to delam dan za dnem, leto za letom

oblečena kot moški  
kot bi držala njegov srp

z največjo opreznostjo se pripravljam na poglede tujcev  
kradem očetove dneve  
njegovo vlogo igram pred drugimi

igram jo tako pristno,  
da jaz več ne obstajam

naučila sem se biti oče

če igram še bolj strastno, ukradem tudi očetovo življenje  
pred ogledalom se ponovno rodim

kot da bi v svojih rokah držala njegov srp

# poetične galaksije

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cd_1/2

No.05

.....

zamrznjen jezik in težak kot led
meja med bogovi in ljudmi
neskončno objokovanje monotonega hlipanja

ep
poetična galaksija

glas demona
med svetovi pluje na ogromnem plovilu besed

ep
poetična galaksija

nezemeljski glas
beseda zmrzuje
objema sanje

ep
poetična galaksija

bojim se, da me bo njen glas izvotlil

ugodja dotikov

~~~~~

cd\_1/2

\_No.06\_

\*\*\*\*\*

Roke so občutljiva ogledala.

Konice prstov me vežejo na svet.

Povezujejo me z zunanjim svetom,  
s svetom moških in žensk.

Zabava me, česar moje oči ne vidijo.

Vonjam, se dotikam, okušam, slišim in vidim z vsem telesom

– obstajam skozi svoje kosti in meso.

In moje roke.

Moje roke.

Raje živim v svojem telesu kot v zunanjem svetu.



# poslednji obred

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cd_1/2

No.07

Sonce je obstalo.

Moja duša, moj zaklad, moji ljubljeni, moja radost,
moje življenje.

Vsi ste me zapustili!
Prsi so se odprle.

Pustili ste me samo.
Voda je v moji večni hiši.
Nosijo me!

Nosijo me.
Počasi, počasi, počasi.
Celo svati so ustavili svoje konje.

Nič več me ne vidiš.
Hrepeniš po lastnem življenju.
Čemu tako globoko vzdihuješ?

Svatje so ravnokar odšli.
(Toliko tolikšne nesreče!)
Jočem zaman, nesrečna v svoji nesreči.

Ne nosite me tako hitro, prosim.
Ne morem vam povedati, da odhajam.
Ne morem vas poljubiti.

Ne hodite tako hitro, prosim. Ne morete tako hitro žalovati.

predramljena

~~~~~  
cd\_1/2

\_No.08\_

\*\*\*\*\*  
ko se boš znova zbudila

ne bo več bolelo  
takrat boš vedela,  
da nisi več živa

svoje sanje si zakopala že davno  
zahtevala jih bo le mračna resničnost  
in potovale bodo iz ene roke v drugo

ko boš ponovno budna

# zarotitve

~~~~~  
cd_1/2

No.09

kako do živega srebra?

kako naj se kosa odlepi od trave

kako naj perje ostane suho

kako naj zlato ne zarjavi

kako naj se izognem metku

bodi močan

obrne se kot od cvetoče praproti

obrne se kot od težke rude

obrne se kot od novca v vodi

obrne se kot od palice med rebri

naj ostane vse célo pred metki in noži

bodi močan

kakor temna dišeča smola odžene vso zlo – tako naj me zlo zaobide

kakor se pankrt rodi v sreči – tako naj sreča hodi z mano

zla ni mogoče oslabiti in ne izgnati na silo

bodi močan

da ostaneš živ – očisti svet

naj bo kot rosa na grudi

naj bo kot zvezda na nebu

visoko

tako zelo visoko

nazaj nazaj nazaj

nož, s svojim jezikom odstranjam zemljo s tvojega rezila

nebesa

~~~~~  
cd\_1/2

\_No.10\_

\*\*\*\*\*  
pravijo, da njena glasba seže do nebes  
njen glas in glasbila so obnemeli  
pozablja svoje pesmi,  
a ne tudi besed

pravijo, da njena glasba seže do nebes  
pravijo, da pozablja  
nenadne tišine  
vedno bolj pogoste

pravi, da njena glasba seže do nebes  
včasih prepeva in igra vso noč  
njena usta in roke se premikajo  
brez glasu  
brez zvoka

pozablja svoje pesmi – kako nenavadno – da živijo dalje  
in mi jih slišimo v sebi

# kofèta

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cd_1/2

No.11

zahodnjaki pijejo kavo
vzhodnjaki pijejo kavo
pijemo jo skupaj
polni domiselnih laži

nočna

~~~~~  
cd\_2/2

\_No.16\_

\*\*\*\*\*  
ko imam nočne more  
grizem usnjeni pas na lesenem penisu

ko imam nočne more  
v vrata zabijam vilice

ko imam nočne more  
drgnem telo ob ostre zidove

ko imam nočne more  
si drgnem telo, dokler mi iz bradavic namesto mleka  
ne prši kri

# ovoj

~~~~~  
cd_2/2

No.07

moje telo je nezlomljivo
je telesna naprava
razprostrto
in nedotaknjeno
in takšno je bilo od nekdaj

ima vse dimenzije
a nima vhoda

dotikam se
dotikam se svoje kože, ne sebe

(beseda, ki se me je dotaknila, je odšla s trajektom)

pokopališča besed

cd_2/2

No.06

~~~~~

.....

drobci se plazijo s pokopališč  
nekdanjih zapriseženih devic in pesnikov  
brezimnih pevcev, ki se tam razkrajajo

melodije in besede tlakujejo pot skozi zemljo  
v pesmi ponovno oživijo  
takoj, ko se me dotaknejo, zadoni vsa hiša



# zaščitnica

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cd_2/2

No.04

postala sem zaščitnica jezer

bogastvo njihovih globin je neskončno
ptice jih ne morejo preleteti
ribe jih ne morejo preplavati
vojaki ne morejo preko njihovih pečin
dekleta ne morejo stopiti na njihovo obalo

brez predaha, večno budna
varujem njihove praznine

ko me bučanje nočne ježe straši
pojem stare cerkvene pesmi, ki so jih prejeli moji predniki

prva nežna slutnja

ko pride jutro, ulovim ovna in ovco
zakoljem ju ob jezeru
črna kri se razlije do dna

dno se odpre
in tam so dekleta
slišim njihove vzdihе in vzklike
vesele in igrive

in nežno začnemo peti

prva nežna slutnja

ednina

~~~~~  
cd\_2/2

\_No.01\_

\*\*\*\*\*  
  
Sama sem in sama želim ostati  
Sama sem, brez gospodarja in sopotnika  
Sama sem, v radosti in žalovanju  
Sama sem, namesto drugih in njihovih dvomov

Sama sem in sama želim ostati  
Sama sem, svoja in izpopolnjena  
Sama sem, v lastni želji in zanikanju  
Sama sem, bolj kot duša v prehajanju

Sama sem in sama želim ostati  
Sama sem, spoštovana in potolažena  
Sama sem, ujeta in osvobodjena v sebi  
Sama sem, in nič mi bolj ne ugaja

Sama sem in sama želim ostati  
Sama sem, v vsakem pogledu in prostoru  
Sama sem, negotova in dokončna  
Sama sem, več kot pozemska stvar

Sama sem in sama želim ostati  
Sama sem, obrobna in obrekovana  
Sama sem, prvinska in utelešena  
Sama sem, kajti vsaka žalost me prizadene

Sama sem in sama želim ostati  
In nosim hlače, da bi mi bilo lažje

(inspirirano z de Pizan)

# jabolčna mora

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cd_2/2

No.08

.....

imela sem grozne sanje
ne moreš jih izbrisati

gori, zgorelo, zoglenelo
zgorelo do tal
pogorelo do pepela

moralo bi ti biti hudo, mili bog
ženske in možje kričijo
otroci jočejo

jabolko imam v žepu
jabolko zgnije, žep se raztrga
prišel je čas

zakaj si morala lupiti to jabolko, moj cvetek
nož je spolzel in ti zarezal v dlan

o, rožica, moja duša je vznemirjena!

in šla si po stopnicah, naslanjala si se na balkon
o, moj cvetek, še vedno se smejiš?

težko zanikam stvari z okusom jabolka

dert

~~~~~  
cd\_2/2

\_No.03\_

\*\*\*\*\*  
zemlja me vsrkava  
noč me vdihava  
mesečina me pije  
nič me pogoltne

pri močeh sem  
a utrujena  
utrujena od sebe  
utrujena od biti

moje srce je prežeto s spominjanjem,  
prinaša neskončno naslado

režeče sive oči  
kaj bom zagledala?  
procesije duhovnikov in romarjev?

začela se je spuščati tema in vse je počrnelo  
mislila sem, da dežuje, a so moje solze  
v kotu sobe nekaj sije kot luna:  
obiskovalci iz gomil – vsak mora imeti dobro pevsko družbo

režeče sive oči, katerih svetlobo nosim v sebi  
moje življenje je padlo od srčne bolečine  
a nabiram si moči

nič me pogoltne  
pri močeh sem, le utrujena  
utrujena od sebe  
utrujena od biti živa

zemlja me pije  
noč me vsrkava

jezdi konja, jezdi, ti, mogočni spreobrnjenec!

vsak mora imeti dobro pevsko družbo

(in seveda dovolj rakije)

# nevesta

~~~~~  
cd_2/2

No.13

ponižno v kotu
sklenjene dlani
sedi!
govori!

petelin zakikirika
moralo bi se daniti, a še vedno je temno
in hladno

nevesta!
pospeški njenega srčnega utripa
njen novi jaz

čarovnije

~~~~~

cd\_2/2

\_No.05\_

\*\*\*\*\*

To bodo moji glavni dosežki:

spremenila se bom v luno, ki vzide na nebu  
postala bom zvezda in našla te bom  
spremenila se bom v jeguljo in se potopila v morje  
postala bom riba in našla te bom  
spremenila se bom v šojo in odletela v stran  
postala bom orel in našla te bom

Moje želje se zmeraj uresničijo.

# pod limonovcem

~~~~~  
cd_2/2

No.17

pod limonovcem
me je spanec premagal

prvi mož me je skušal predramiti
pod limonovcem

drugi mož me je prišel zbuditi
pod limonovcem

tretji mož mi je želel ukrasti sen
pod limonovcem

tiho odidite
ne zbujajte me
pod limonovcem

krivda

~~~~~  
cd\_2/2

\_No.09\_  
\*\*\*\*\*

Moj oče ni kriv.

Mati mi ne dovoli do razpotja,

ker bi me videl ves svet.

Mati mi ne dovoli na dvorišče,

ker bi me videla vsa vas.

Mati mi ne dovoli na stopnišče,

ker bi me videli mladeniči.

Moj oče ni kriv.

Kriva je moja lepota.

# trening



cd\_2/2

\_No.15\_



ustvarjam obraze, ki si jih je težko zapomniti  
a takoj, ko sem sama in me pogledi drugih zapustijo  
se moj pravi obraz raztrese po sobi

# v gosteh



cd\_2/2

\_No.11\_



gost  
mora sprejeti  
vino in sol in topel kruh

gost  
mora sprejeti  
ogenj in posteljo in odprto srce

gost  
skupne krvi  
Dobrodošel!

# junakinja

~~~~~

cd_2/2

No.02

sem kakor pravljíčna junakinja

moji rojstni podatki so izbrisani
nisem umeščena v čas ali prostor
sem nedoločljiva, kot da bi se pojavila le enkrat
in se nikoli več spremenila

ostajam večno mlada in za vedno starka

plešem kólo kot gorska vila

sem svobodna, junaška in čarobno moč imam zmeraj na dosegu
moja čustva in notranji svet se zrcalijo v dejanjih,
a ne premorem lastne resničnosti;
zagnana in vedno na preži - herojka sem.

plešem kólo kot gorska vila

nisem neoblikovana duša, ki koprne po duhovnosti,
niti neporočena mlada, ki bi jo odrešila preobrazba
sem skoraj princ, zaznamovan s težkim načelom

plešem kólo kot gorska vila

zavihtela sem se do sfere vil, siren in rusalk,
katerih obstoj ni jasen,
na človeški svet sem prišla brez lastne usode

plešem kólo kot gorska vila

pravljíčna junakinja

novo domovanje



cd_2/2

No.12



Do svojega novega doma pridem
pred zoro belega dne.

Zaseže me triletna vročina,
moj stok zdaj odmeva po vsej hiši.



cd_2/2

No.14



Moji dnevi se ne končajo z nočjo.
Noči niso več namenjene spanju.

Tišina pred zoro.
Jutranja tišina, je vrhunec nočne more.

bard

~~~~~  
cd\_2/2

\_No.20\_

\*\*\*\*\*  
težko kolo  
monotono in brezupno  
kakšna so pravila?

katere temačnosti obuja moje petje?  
čigava sreča zveni tako žalostno?

odmev žalostne preteklosti  
resničen ali namišljen

moja glasba je gola  
razgalja se brez sramu  
izreka neubesedljive in neizrečene besede –  
radosti in tuge, prevedene v težke ritme

samosvoja in samotna  
pevka

# kar sem slišala

~~~~~

cd_2/2

No.18

pesmi

o poznanih in nepoznanih vojnah
o resničnosti smrti
o krvi in truplih
o končnih krikih in zadnjih vzdihljajih
o razkosanih truplih
o izgubah in zmagah
o preživelih in junakih

ni pesmi o tistih, ki so ostali

pevka

~~~~~  
cd\_2/2

\_No.21\_

\*\*\*\*\*  
dvig roke  
široko odprta  
prislonjena dlan

ep v ušesu  
prst v uhlju  
privzdignjeni glasovi

nevihta v meni  
izven sebe  
izven uma

# muezin

~~~~~  
cd_2/2

No.19

odtrgan cvet je v vrtu duš
za seboj pustil svoje ime!

vstani!

o, žalost!

naj ga *edini* potopi v morje odpuščanja
naj bo vera njegov prijatelj

preventive

~~~~~  
cd\_2/2

\_No.10\_  
\*\*\*\*\*

kaj je tam, na tistem mestu, kjer se je enkrat zgodil dotik?  
kaj pa je tam, kjer dotika sploh ni bilo?

odsotnost dotika.  
dotik kot odsotnost.

glava, lasje, roke, prsi, železo, noga, lastovica, čebela, žaba,  
štorklja, kri.

mrtvec. babica.  
oltar.  
misli.

preventive dotika.  
kurative dotika.

in zdaj lahko poljubite nevesto!

# srečna

~~~~~  
cd_2/2

No.22

osrečil sem svojega očeta

zakaj je srečen tako zlahka?
preprosto zato, ker obstajam?

običajno on
običajni on

osrečil si svojega starega očeta

kaj je to, zaradi česar so srečni tako zlahka?
zgolj zato, ker obstajaš?

običajno on.
običajni on

osrečili smo svoje sestre

kaj jih tako hitro osreči,
v našem običajnem obstajanju?

vedno smo bili oni
zmeraj oni
in vedno osrečevalci

vsak dan in vsak srečni oni
navidezno srečni v vednosti – biti oni

on vsak dan
vsakogar sem zelo osrečil
praviloma vsak dan
v zelo kratkem času

vse zaradi pravil
vsak dan, ko sem bil on

sreča v pravi bolečini
sreča v napačnem užitku

moj vsakdan

Refren:

običajni on

običajno srečen

zmeraj srečen v običajnosti biti on

BABA

in

DERT

endemične songs

Karmina Šilec

Slepica, Medi and other characters could be over a hundred years old. They were deeply asleep for a long time, but are awake now. They were summoned from the past and from afar. They stare at us with their piercing eyes, as if they were half alive and half dead. Their stories are an echo of howling remorse that the heroines awaited for years, decades, even centuries in invincible despair of forced muteness. Their tempo is different, time flows at a strange pace: decades for the birth of a son, a few days for a fatal shot, one day for the victory in the greatest war, a moment only for a wedding, a dance, or a funeral. The milk of ancient melodies and epics drips from the narrative like the greatest miracle, like a healing topping for women whose tied breasts and mouths are drained from fatigue.

We share habitats and habituses with the heroines of DERT in extended time through the experience of touching and overlapping on some edges, and thus creating a secret commitment to belonging – the same coordinates, sometimes the same codes. We belong to what we understand, both present and absent. They are our rearview mirror – everything seems to be close here and far behind simultaneously. Real and unreal at the same time.

DERT is a canvas on which the contents of the consciousness of our society, its fears, beliefs, doubts, states, questions, problems, pleasures, the history and the present, behaviors and nonsense, desires are projected.

DERT is also reminiscent of a *deadacholic* social narrow-mindedness that condemns every step and every action; it sang the last praises to the heroines with a vocabulary adorned with wonderful notions such as *tradition, family, heroism ...*, and hid behind them primitivism, mythomania, misogyny, as well as perversion and lies.

It reminds us of who created and buried the heroines – sworn virgins, virdžinas – Liljana, Suni, Lindita.

songs from afar

~~~~~  
cd\_1/2

\_No.01\_

\*\*\*\*\*

poetic time runs on its own  
cold preserves anything

stories are frozen like bodies in cryogenic storage  
waiting to thaw when time comes

characters are melting  
walled up creatures

imprisoned ancient chants come here to vacation  
crawling, bitterly groaning, writhing like serpents

echoes of howling remorse  
years, decades, centuries of waiting in irremediable despair

100 years for a child to be born  
a day to start a battle and win a war

white milk of ancient tunes  
a miracle most sublime

their breasts and mouths are dry

(what deed will be transformed into verse?)  
ranting and raving, crying and laughing, lullabying and mourning?

poetic time runs on its own



# glass masks

~~~~~

cd_1/2

No.02

at dusk she cuts locks of hair.
in the winter
she wraps them in a piece of cloth.
in the winter
with each cut, she counts off a day.
in the winter

she paints a face on a mirror.
in the spring
she glues locks around this face.
in the spring
she combs her hair.
in the spring

she rehearses new faces every morning.
in the summer
the girl in the mirror is her audience.
in the summer
she plays the roles of others.
in the summer

she has a huge collection of hair.
in the autumn
she sticks the girl's hair on vases and bottles.
in the autumn
she tires of the mirror girl's image.
in the autumn

her room is full of green and brown faces.

in the winter

her room is full of these glass masks with old wigs.

in the winter

in the spring. in the summer. in the autumn, winter,

spring, summer, autumn, ...

ancient vocabularies

~~~~~  
cd\_1/2

\_No.03\_  
\*\*\*\*\*

ancient vocabularies received a new life  
rhymes and rhythms  
dances and songs

she invented the language  
rhymes and rhythms  
and learned how to speak again

she changed the notion of  
rhymes and rhythms  
and dances and songs

and took possession of the divinity  
rhymes and rhythms  
– just as men do

she speaks the languages of men  
she is silent in the languages of women

sometimes she speaks as a woman,  
sometimes in place of (silenced) women,

sometimes for women,  
sometimes on behalf of women

it's not only being a woman to talk like a woman  
it's not enough to be a woman to speak like a woman

when she enters the language of women

– this is something of a ritual, something mystical –  
she steps back into her cradle, into the cradle of humanity,  
she seeks out goddesses, feminine images, to re-connect  
with the burden of mothers  
since there is but one icon corner

but when she is too sad,  
and she does not enter the language of women

then she creates  
rhymes and rhythms  
dances and songs

and the atmosphere is so pleasant  
and the atmosphere is so choking

# stealing the life of father

~~~~~  
cd_1/2

No.04
.....

I learn the life of my father by heart

every evening, as in a theater,

I play my father's role in front of the mirror

I do this day by day, year by year

dressed as a man

as if holding his sickle

with utmost vigilance I learn to be ready for the foreigner's gaze

I'm stealing my father's days

and play his life in front of others

I play it so passionately

I am not myself

I learn my father's life by heart

if I play even more passionately, I also steal my father's life

in front of the mirror, I strive for rebirth

as if I am holding his sickle in my hands

poetic galaxies

~~~~~  
cd\_1/2

\_No.05\_

.....

language frozen and heavy as ice  
the border between gods and men  
endless lamentations of monotonous wails

epic  
poetic galaxy

voice of a demon  
sailing on this formidable vessel of words

epic  
poetic galaxy

an unearthly voice  
word is cold  
embracing dream

epic  
poetic galaxy

I fear her voice will hollow me out

# pleasures of touch

~~~~~  
cd_1/2

No.06
.....

Hands are sensitive mirrors.

Fingertips bind me to the world.

Hands channel me to the outside,
to the world of men and women.

I am entertained by what my eyes see not.

I smell, touch, taste, hear and see with my entire body
– awareness through bones and flesh.

And through my hands.

My hands.

I'd rather live in my body than in the outside world.

last rite

~~~~~  
cd\_1/2

\_No.07\_

.....

The sun is brought to a standstill.

My soul, my treasure, my beloved, my joy, my life.

All of you have left me!

The breasts opened up.

You left me here alone.

Water is in my eternal house.

They're carrying me!

They're carrying me.

Slowly, slowly, slowly.

Even the wedding guests stopped their horses.

You no longer look at me.

You covet your life.

Why did you sigh so deeply?

The wedding guests have left now.

(So much of such unhappiness!)

I cry in vain, I'm in misfortune of my misfortune.

Don't carry me so quickly, please.

I cannot tell you that I'm leaving.

I cannot kiss you.

Don't walk so fast, please. You cannot mourn so fast.



# up again

~~~~~  
cd_1/2

No.08

when you wake up again

you will no longer be in pain

you will know then

that you are no longer alive

you shed your dreams long ago

only grim reality will reclaim them

and they will travel from one hand to another

when you again awaken

incantations

~~~~~  
cd\_1/2

\_No.09\_

\*\*\*\*\*  
how does anyone get quicksilver?

how does a scythe not cling to grass

how does a feather not get wet

how does rust not catch gold

how does a bullet not catch me

so be strong

let it all go like a fern in bloom

let it all go like a strong piece of ore

let it all go like a coin in the water

let it all go like a stick in the ribs

let it all remain whole before bullets and knives

so be strong

as dark resin drives off every evil – so does evil shun me

as the bastard is born in happiness – so does happiness walk with me

since evil cannot be swayed or cast out by force

so be strong

to stay alive – cleanse the world

let it make like dew on the soil

let it make like a star in the sky

high

so very high

back back back

knife, I remove the soil from you with my tongue

# heaven

~~~~~  
cd_1/2

No.10

they say her music goes to heaven
her voice and instrument are silenced
she began to forget her tunes
but not words

they say her music goes to heaven
they say she starts to forget
sudden silences
more and more of them

she says her music goes to heaven
sometimes she sings and plays all night
her mouth and hands work
but there is no voice and there is no sound

she forgets her songs — how strange — that they live on
and we hear them from within

coffee

western people drink coffee

eastern people drink coffee

we drink it together

full of witty lies

at night



cd_2/2

No.16



when I have nightmares

I bite the leather belt on the wooden penis

when I have nightmares

I stab the door with a fork

when I have nightmares

I bruise my body on rough walls

when I have nightmares

I bruise my body until my nipples ooze blood
instead of milk

skin

my body is unbreakable
it is a body-device
it is open,
and it is so virginal
and that is how it has always been

it has dimensions
but it does not have input

I touch
I touch my skin, but not myself

(the word that touched me left on a ferry)

graveyards of words



cd_2/2

No.06



fragments climb out of the graveyards
of bygone sworn virgins and poets
of anonymous singers who molder there

tunes and words pave their way through the soil
receiving life again in a song
as soon as they reach me, my entire home echoes

guardian

~~~~~  
cd\_2/2

\_No.04\_

\*\*\*\*\*  
I became the guardian of lakes

immense are the treasures of their depths  
birds cannot cross them  
fish cannot swim across them  
soldiers cannot cross their bluffs  
girls' feet can't take them across the shores

without ever dismounting, eternally vigilant  
I guard the void of these lakes

and when I'm frightened of the blare of nightly rides  
in fear I sing old songs the church gave my ancestors

*first gentle premonition*

when morning comes, I catch a ram and a sheep  
I slaughter them by the lake  
black blood spills down to the bottom

then the bottom opens  
and there are the girls  
I hear their sighs and cries  
cheerful and playful

and we gently start to sing

*first gentle premonition*



# alone

~~~~~  
cd_2/2

No.01

Alone am I and alone I wish to be
Alone am I, with neither master nor companion
Alone am I, in joy and lamentation
Alone am I, in another's stead and (an)other's doubts

Alone am I and alone I wish to be
Alone am I, appropriated and manifested
Alone am I, in my desire and denial
Alone am I, much more than a soul in flux

Alone am I and alone I wish to be
Alone am I, whether respected or consoled
Alone am I, trapped and released inside my space
Alone am I, and nothing suits me better

Alone am I and alone I wish to be
Alone am I, in every gaze and place
Alone am I, uncertain and for certain
Alone am I, much more than any earthly thing

Alone am I and alone I wish to be
Alone am I, so peripheral and shunned
Alone am I, primal and embodied
Alone am I, for every grief afflicts me

Alone am I and alone I wish to be
And I wear pants to ease my life
(inspired by de Pizan)

apple nightmare

~~~~~  
cd\_2/2

\_No.08\_

.....

I had a terrible nightmare  
may you not forestall this

burnt, burnt, burnt  
and levelled entirely  
burnt to cinders

you should feel sorrow, dear god  
women and men cry  
children weep

I keep an apple in my pocket  
the apple rots, the pocket tears  
the time has come

why did you have to peel that apple, my flower?  
the knife slipped and cut your hand

o, my flower, it unhinged my soul!

and you went up the stairs leaning against the balcony  
o, my flower, you are still laughing?

it is difficult to deny things that taste of the apple

# dert

~~~~~  
cd_2/2

No.03

the earth drinks me
the night inhales me
the moonlight is drinking me
nothing devours me

I am healthy
yet I am sick
I am sick of myself
I am sick of being

in my heart is remembrance
such an infinite delight

laughing grey eyes
whom will I see?
priests and pilgrims' gatherings?

darkness descended, and everything turned black
I thought it was raining, but it is my tears
something is glowing like the moon at the end of the room:
a crowd is visiting from the graves – one must have pleasant
company to sing

laughing grey eyes, whose light I bear within
of heartsickness my life has fallen
but I summon my strength

nothing devours me
I am healthy yet I am sick
I am sick of myself
I am sick of being alive

the earth drinks me
the night is drinking me

ride your horse, ride, you mighty convert!
one must have pleasant company to sing
(as well as plenty of rakia)

the bride



cd_2/2

No.13



a humble place

hands folded

sit!

speak!

a rooster crows

it must be daytime, but it is still dark

and cold

bride!

the rushes of her pulse

her new persona

magic

~~~~~  
cd\_2/2

\_No.05\_

\*\*\*\*\*

This will be my crowning success:

I'll turn into the moon and rise into the skies

I'll turn into a star and I'll come after you

I'll turn into an eel and plunge into the sea

I'll turn into a fish and I'll come after you

I'll turn into a jay and I'll fly away

I'll turn into an eagle and I'll come after you

My wishes perform excellent works.

# under the lemon tree

~~~~~  
cd_2/2

No.17

.....
Under the lemon tree
Sleep by chance overtook me

A man came to awaken me
Under the lemon tree

A second man came to awaken me
Under the lemon tree

A third man came to steal my dreams
Under the lemon tree

Go away softly,
don't awake me
Under the lemon tree

to blame



cd_2/2

No.09



My father is not to blame.

My mother won't let me go out to the crossroads,
because the whole world would see me.
My mother won't let me go out to the gate,
because the whole neighbourhood would see me.
My mother won't let me go out to the stairway,
because young men would see me.

My father is not to blame.

It is my beauty.

trainer



cd_2/2

No.15



I create faces that are hard to remember
as soon as I am alone, and gazes of others have left me
my real face is scattered around the room

a guest



cd_2/2

No.11



a guest
must be ready to receive
wine and salt and warm bread

a guest
must be ready to receive
fire and a bed and an open heart

a guest
one blood with you
Welcome!

hero

~~~~~  
cd\_2/2

\_No.02\_  
\*\*\*\*\*

I am like a fairy-tale hero

my biographical data was erased

I am a figure without a sense of time and space

I am utterly inscrutable, as if I appeared once only, ever  
which has not changed me in any way

I remain forever young and eternally old

I fly in the *kolo* like a mountain nymph

I am free, heroic, I can trigger secret powers at any moment  
my emotions and inner world are reflected in my acts,  
for I myself have no inner reality  
but I am a poised and ambitious heroine

I fly in the *kolo* like a mountain nymph

I am not an undefined soul that longs to merge with the spiritual,  
not an unmatched maid who longs for salvation in transition  
I am almost a prince, marked by a vital principle

I fly in the *kolo* like a mountain nymph

I climbed over to the realm of fairies, sirens and rusalkas,  
whose existence is ambiguous  
I climbed into the human world without belonging to my own destiny

I fly in the *kolo* like a mountain nymph

a fairy-tale hero

# new home



cd\_2/2

\_No.12\_



I reach my new home  
before the dawn of the white of day.

The three-year fever seizes me,  
I moan and the entire home echoes.

# zone



cd\_2/2

\_No.14\_



My days do not end with the night.  
My nights are no longer for sleeping.  
  
Silence before dawn.  
This morning silence is the highlight of a nightmare.

# bard

~~~~~  
cd_2/2

No.20

heavy circle dance

monotonous and desperate

what are the rules here?

what dark sediments does my singing raise?

which happiness sounds so sad?

an echo of a sad past,

real or imaginary

my music is naked,

revealing without shame

chanting unutterable and unuttered words,

joys and sorrows translated into rhythm and melody

unique and alone

singer

what I heard of



cd_2/2

No.18



songs

of known and non-known wars
of realities of deaths
of blood and bodies
of final screams and last whispers
of dismembered bodies
of bereavements and victories
of survivors and heroes

there are no songs about those who were left behind

singer

~~~~~  
cd\_2/2

\_No.21\_  
\*\*\*\*\*

raised hand  
wide open  
palm placed

epic of the ear  
finger in the ear  
elevated voice

thunder in me  
out of my mind  
out of the mind



# muezzin

~~~~~  
cd_2/2

No.19

a flower from the garden of souls is torn
left his name behind!

arise!

oh, sadness!

let the *one* sink him in the sea of forgiveness
let faith be his friend

prevention

~~~~~  
cd\_2/2

\_No.10\_

\*\*\*\*\*  
what is there where the touch is gone?  
and what is there where there was no touch?

absence of touch.  
touch as absence.

head, hair, hands, breasts, iron, leg, swallow, bee, frog,  
stork, blood.

dead. midwife.  
altar.  
thoughts.

touch prevention.  
curative touches.

And now you may kiss the bride!

# happy

~~~~~  
cd_2/2

No.22

I made my father happy

why is he so happy so easily?
for me simply being?

regularly being him
regularly he

you made your grandfather happy

what is it that makes them so happy so easily?
for just being you?

you were regular him
regularly him

we made our sisters happy

what is it that makes them so happy so easily?
our being what we are?

we were always them
always them
always happymakers

every day and every happy them
seemingly happy in the know – being them

him every day
making everyone so happy
regularly every day
in such a short time

for the rule's sake
for every day while being him

happiness in good pain
happiness in bad pleasure

my every day of being him

Refrain:

regularly he
regularly happy
happy in the regularity of being him



Človeškega vedenja ne narekujejo le življenjski pogoji, temveč tudi odločitve, ki jih človek sprejema. V različnih okoliščinah, v najugodnejših ali v najtežjih, ostajamo različni. A v ekstremnih pogojih se razkrije veliko več. V tem, kako se odzivamo, ostajamo vedno svobodni. Ko se nam začne dozdevati, da naše življenje izgublja nekdanji smisel – kar se lahko zgodi vsakomur – se vsi sprašujemo, od kod ta praznina in kaj nam jo lahko zapolni. Človek je pač bitje, ki živi za nekoga ali/in za nekaj.

Projekt DERT je v celoti nastal v času, ko je svetu vladal koronavirus. Sredi mogočnih neobvladljivih naravnih sil, kot izraz človeške ustvarjalnosti in moči je nastopila glasba. Človeška, celo več kot le 'človeška' je delovala v tem tesnobnem času, ko smo nemočno spremljali zastoj vsega sveta. Glasba kot jamstvo za smisel sveta, privedenega na rob katastrofe. Vsrkavali smo zvoke in naše misli so odplule stran od strahu in osamljenosti ter priklicale v spomin lepoto prejšnjih življenj.

Vaje za DERT so potekale doma, individualno, občasno preko spleta. Izvajalke so s pametnimi telefoni snemale svoja posamezna izvajanja dela v nastajanju, ki smo jih kasneje speli v pričujoče posnetke.

Zato je ta album izjemen dokument tega posebnega obdobja, predanosti in osredotočenosti zasedbe. Posnetki, ki smo jih ustvarjali, so ozvočili skrivnostno moč in duh glasbe, ulovili izgubljene trenutke v času, odrinili mračnost, negotovost in strah. So testament časa.



Human behavior is dictated not only by the living conditions, but also by the decisions a person makes. In different circumstances, in the most favorable or in the most difficult ones, we remain different. But in extreme conditions much more is revealed. In the way we respond, we always remain free. When our lives seem to start losing their former meaning – which can happen to anyone – we all wonder where this void comes from and what can fill it for us. Man is just a being who lives for someone and/or something.

The DERT endemic songs project was created entirely during the rule of the coronavirus. In the midst of the mighty unmanageable natural forces, as an expression of human creativity and power, music came in. Human, or even more than just 'human', it worked in this anxious time as we helplessly watched the stagnation of the whole world. Music as a guarantee of the meaning of the world brought to the brink of disaster. We absorbed the sounds and our thoughts drifted away from fear and loneliness, and recalled the beauty of our previous lives.

The rehearsals were conducted at home, individually, occasionally online. The performers used smartphones to record their own sections of the work-in-progress at home, which we later stitched together into the present recordings.

That is why this album is a remarkable document of this special period, dedication and focus of singers. The recordings we created gave sound to the mysterious power and spirit of the music, captured the lost moments in time, drove away the gloom, uncertainty and fear. They are a testament to this time.

CD DERT

vodja snemanja in montaža / head of recording and first editing: **Mojca Kamnik**
mastering: **Danilo Ženko**

individualne posnetke z mobilnimi telefoni so naredile izvajalke **Novoglasbenega gledališča CHOREGIE** / individual recordings with mobile phones were made by the performers of the **New Music Theatre CHOREGIE**

posneto / recorded: 2020

SAZAS CS CD 019

1. songs from afar / *daljne pesmi* 4.36
2. glass masks / *stekleni obrazi* 5.00
3. ancient vocabularies / *starodavna besedišča* 4.34
4. stealing the life of father / *kradljivka očetovega življenja* 4.47
5. poetic galaxies / *poetične galaksije* 3.37
6. pleasures of touch / *ugodja dotikov* 3.25
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8. up again / *predramljena* 3.36
9. incantations / *zarotitve* 3.12
10. heaven / *nebesa* 4.47
11. coffee / *kofeta* 3.28

CD ENDEMIČNE PESMI / ENDEMIC SONGS

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jezikovno svetovanje / language counselling: **Victor Kennedy, Ida Harc** snemanje in
mastering / recording and mastering: **Danilo Ženko**
posneto / recorded: 2021

1. alone / *ednina* 3.07
2. hero / *junakinja* 2.22
3. dert / *dert* 3.29
4. guardian / *zaščitnica* 2.38
5. magic / *čarovnije* 1.26
6. graveyards of words / *pokopališča besed* 1.02
7. skin / *ovoj* 1.12
8. apple nightmare / *jabolčna mora* 1.51
9. to blame / *krivda* 1.01
10. prevention / *preventive* 1.14
11. a guest / *v gosteh* 0.37
12. new home / *novo domovanje* 0.26
13. the bride / *nevesta* 0.54
14. zone / *cona* 0.31
15. trainer / *trening* 0.33
16. at night / *nočna* 1.05
17. under the lemon tree / *pod limonovcem* 0.59
18. what I heard of / *kar sem slišala* 1.03
19. muezzin / *muezin* 0.37
20. bard / *bard* 1.09
21. singer / *pevka* 0.51
22. happy / *srečna* 1.44

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